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The FLINTSTONES

and PEBBLES

a Hanna-Barbera
Production

THE FLINTSTONES & PEBBLES
NO. 26
OCT.
CDC
ONLY
20¢

RAY DIRGO



00748

The FLINTSTONES in

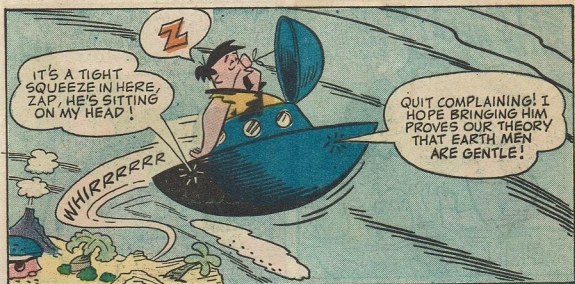
The GREAT GAZOO TO THE RESCUE!



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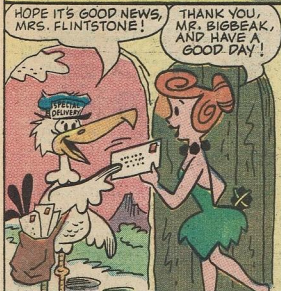


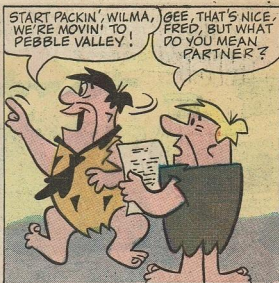


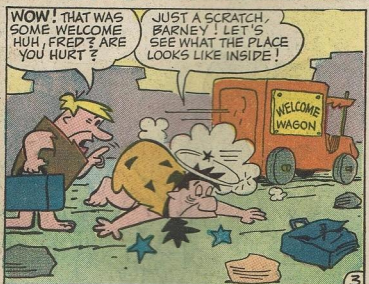
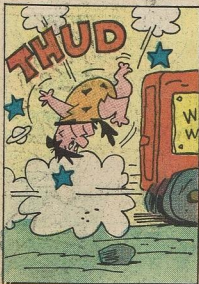
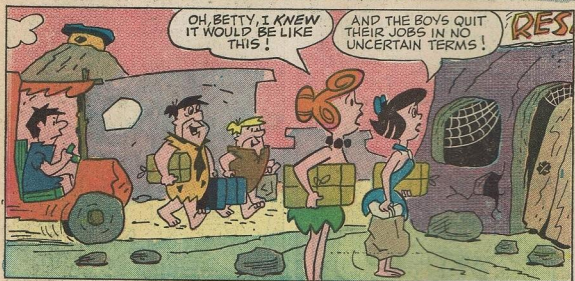


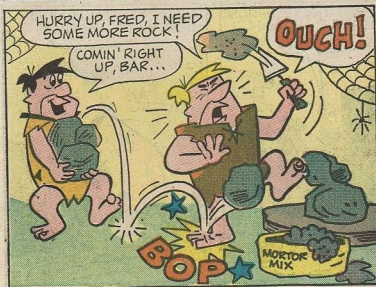
The FLINTSTONES in

FLINTSTONE'S RESTAURANT











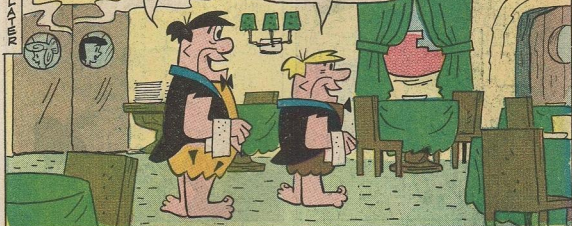


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MUCH LATER

WELL, BARNEY OL' BOY, OUR FIRST DAY IN BUSINESS!

YEAH! THE GIRLS HAVE THE FOOD ALL COOKED AND READY FOR CUSTOMERS!



WHAT MAKES YOU THINK IT'S RABBIT SOUP INSTEAD OF BRANTASAURUS?

BECAUSE IT'S GOT A HAIR IN IT!



HOLD THE DOOR FOR ME, FRED!



I FORGOT, BARNEY!

SWING

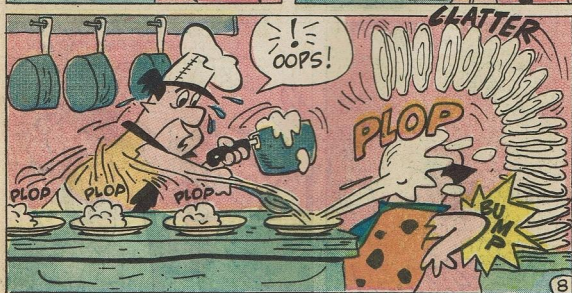
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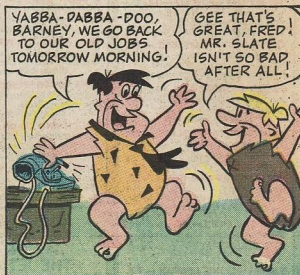


SORRY 'BOUT THAT, MA'AM, I'LL GET THE DISH RAG AND...

EEK!







BONERS, Moaners and GROWNERS

For more than thirty years I have taught those darling little children in the grade schools. It has been necessary for me to give them examinations on what they should have studied and should have learned. Sometimes the examination is written. Other times it is oral. I also have to ask them questions about what they are doing. One thing is certain: If teacher is not clear in pronouncing a word or doesn't make the meaning clear of a thought, those little kids will give you unusual answers. The kids always enjoyed trying to catch teacher with a riddle or puzzle. Or find something that the teacher doesn't know. And how happy a boy or girl is when this has been accomplished.

Promotion came twice a year in our school. Two weeks before the end of the term I had to make up a "provisional promotion plan." Most of the students would be sent on to the next grade. They were promoted. Perhaps one or two would have to repeat the same grade of work. They were failed or as the kids called it, "left back." And one or two of the brightest students would be advanced a grade. The kids called this "skipped."

In the lunch room the students were already talking about next term's teachers.

"If you get Mrs. Windsor, look out," warned Peter. "She doesn't let you do anything you want. You got to sit in your seat with your hands behind your back. She checks your fingernails every morning at inspection. If she doesn't like your composition paper you keep on doing it over and over. She thinks she is the Big Boss. Can't do anything you want in her class."

"Can I breathe in her class?" retorted Mike, "Bet she can't stop me from doing that!"

Two days after promotion, the principal sent for me to come to his office. Mrs. Riley took over my class. And there I saw Jerry and his father. Jerry had been "left back." And his father looked ready for a fight.

"What kind of a teacher are you?" he demanded. "My son has an average of 100% in arithmetic. You failed him only because you don't like him. I called up the Board of Education. You can't fail any student who has more than 75% average in arithmetic. Now you pass him right here."

I told him and the principal that I had the papers of Jerry. So back to my room I went and opened the back

closet. Soon I was back again in the principal's office.

"I give five monthly tests in arithmetic," I explained. "The last one is the promotion test. Here are your son's papers. Look at the marks he received: 15%, 20%, 30%, 10% and 25%. I will admit that if you add them all up you get 100%. So maybe he was telling you the truth. And maybe he wasn't. Out side of that he is a nice boy. Now what do you want me to do?"

Only the concerted effort of the principal and myself prevented Jerry from getting the spanking of his life right there and then. Though we both figured he got it when he arrived back home.

Martin was one of the brightest students I ever had in that school. He was the only one skipped. And I heard this remark about him in the school auditorium.

"They had to skip Martin. Sure he's a smart guy. But that's not the point. They had to skip him."

"Why? You tell me just why? Other guys didn't get skipped. And I know that Freddy is also smart. But what gives with him?"

"I was up to his home and met his old man. He's a skipper on a big boat. So it figures. Like father like son. That means his son has to be a skipper too."

There are times when I admit I can't just fathom what goes on inside skulls of some students. But apparently in their own ways, they know what they are saying and what they are doing. And that goes also for Sammy. He was failed! Left back! Had to repeat the work over again. He wasn't dumb but just lazy. And two days after being failed he appeared in school with a sweat shirt on which he had carefully printed the following:

"I want to be a Half back - not a Left Back."

Sure it was a sensation but not the way we figured it. Because two weeks later, Sammy's father and Mr. Compton were in the principal's office.

"A most brilliant boy, that Sammy is," said Mr. Compton. "He's going someplace with such a head on his shoulders. Imagine, at his age to figure out that novelty shirt. I'm an honest businessman. The kid got a check for \$1,000.00. And he gets ten per cent royalties. Yes, sir, he's going someplace."

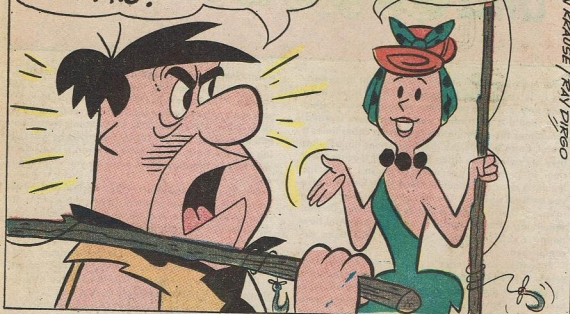
The principal had the power to promote Sammy, which he did. Such is life in our school.

**The
FLINTSTONES
in**

**Fred gets it
in the End!**

WILMA, I DON'T WANT YOU TO GO FISHING WITH ME! IT'S MAINLY A MAN'S SPORT! DO I GO WITH YOU TO YOUR KNITTING CLUB? **NO!**

BUT I WANT TO GO FISHING WITH YOU!



GWEN KRAUSE / RAY DIRGO

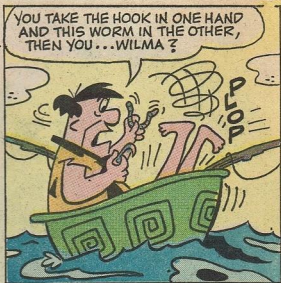
AND BESIDES, YOU SHOULD STAY HOME AND TAKE CARE OF PEBBLES!

BETTY WILL BABYSIT PEBBLES!



IT'S FINAL, FRED FLINTSTONE, LET'S GO!









The FLINTSTONES

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//and in this Corner...//

BARNEY, DON'T WALK SO FAST
PUFFS AND WHY ARE THOSE
STUPID PUFFS CADDIES
ALWAYS A MILE AHEAD
OF US? PUFFS

C'MON, FRED, DON'T
SLOW UP THE GAME SO!



GWEN KRAUSE / RAY DIRGO

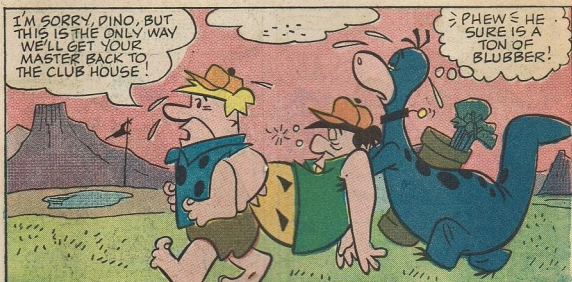
DINO, I APPRECIATE YOUR
HELP PUFFS BUT PLEASE
DON'T PUSH SO FAST! PUFFS

CHEEEE! YOU'RE
WAY OUT OF SHAPE,
FRED! YOU SHOULD
DO SOMETHING ABOUT
IT!



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I'M SORRY, DINO, BUT THIS IS THE ONLY WAY WE'LL GET YOUR MASTER BACK TO THE CLUB HOUSE!

PHUEW HE SURE IS A TON OF BLUBBER!



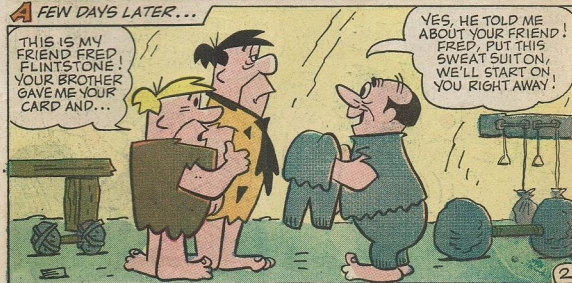
PUFFE GOLLY, FRED, NOW YOU'VE GOT ME PUFFIN'! JUST REST AWHILE, I'LL GET THE GOLF PRO, MAYBE HE CAN HELP IN SOME WAY!



WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP HIM? HE NEVER FINISHES THE COURSE ANYMORE!

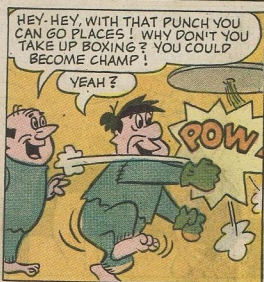
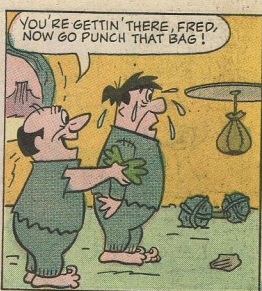
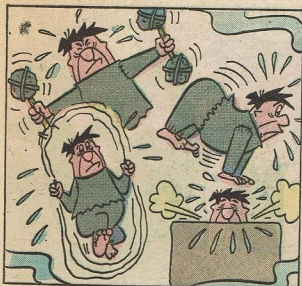
HE'S OUT OF CONDITION, BARNEY! GO SEE MY BROTHER, HE OWNS A GYM!

A FEW DAYS LATER...



THIS IS MY FRIEND FRED FLINTSTONE! YOUR BROTHER GAVE ME YOUR CARD AND...

YES, HE TOLD ME ABOUT YOUR FRIEND! FRED, PUT THIS SWEAT SUIT ON, WE'LL START ON! YOU RIGHT AWAY!



AND SO...

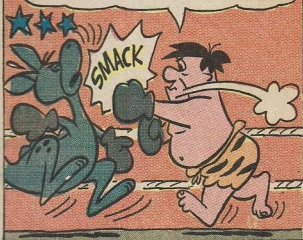
DON'T LET HIM GET TOO MANY PUNCHES AT YOU, HOPPY, HE NEEDS A LOT OF TRAINING!

HONK!



HOPPY'S A PUSH-OVER, BARNEY! I'LL NEVER GET IN SHAPE WITH HIM!

SMACK

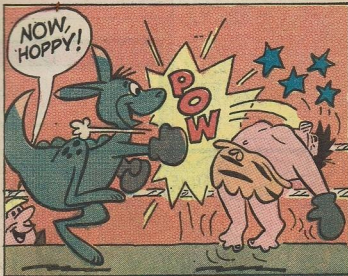


GIVE HIM TIME, FRED, HE'S JUST GETTING THE FEEL OF THINGS!



NOW, HOPPY!

POW



HONK!

THAT'LL GET HIM IN SHAPE, HOPPY!

POW
POW
POW
POW

WHO DID BARNEY SAY WAS GETTING THE FEEL OF THINGS?



CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

SO FRED GOT INTO SHAPE REAL FAST AND IS NOW READY FOR HIS FIRST FIGHT...



GRRRRR

JUST WATCH FOR AN OPENING, FRED, AND THEN...



HOLY COW, FRED, YOUR FIRST PUNCH AND YOU SEND HIM TO PARADISE!

SMACK



SOME TIME LATER...

FRED, YOU'VE WON TWELVE STRAIGHT FIGHTS, ALL IN THE EARLY ROUNDS! THE PRESS IS CLAMMERING FOR AN INTERVIEW WITH YOU AND YOU'VE BEEN PUTTING THEM OFF! WHY?

I'D LIKE TO HOLD AN INTERVIEW LIKE ROCKY GRASSYANO DOES! LOTS OF WITTY REMARKS AND PUNCH LINES, BUT I CAN'T THINK OF ANY! WHEN I DO, I'LL OBLIGE THE PRESS!

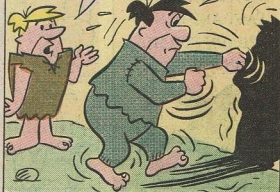
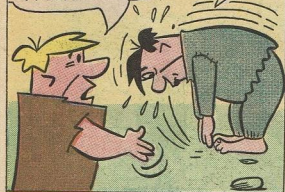


AND STILL LATER...

FRED, WE CAN'T KEEP THE PRESS WAITING ANY LONGER! I BELIEVE I HAVE THE SOLUTION TO YOUR PROBLEM...

WHAT IS IT, BARNEY?

ROCKY IS YOUR COMPETITOR, RIGHT? SO WE CAN'T GO TO HIM FOR ADVICE ON HOW HE KIDS WITH THE PRESS, BUT WE CAN GO TO...



I'M BARNEY RUBBLE. I TALKED TO YOU OVER THE PHONE AND THIS IS...

YES I KNOW, STONEY FLINTSTONE! HE KNOCKED OUT MY ROCKEY IN TEN SECONDS OF THE FIRST ROUND!

I UNDERSTAND YOU ARE LOOKING FOR PUNCH LINES WHEN YOU MEET WITH THE PRESS?

THAT'S RIGHT, MRS. GRASSYANO!



WELL, STONEY, I HAVE JUST THE RIGHT ONE FOR YOU! HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS ONE?



END